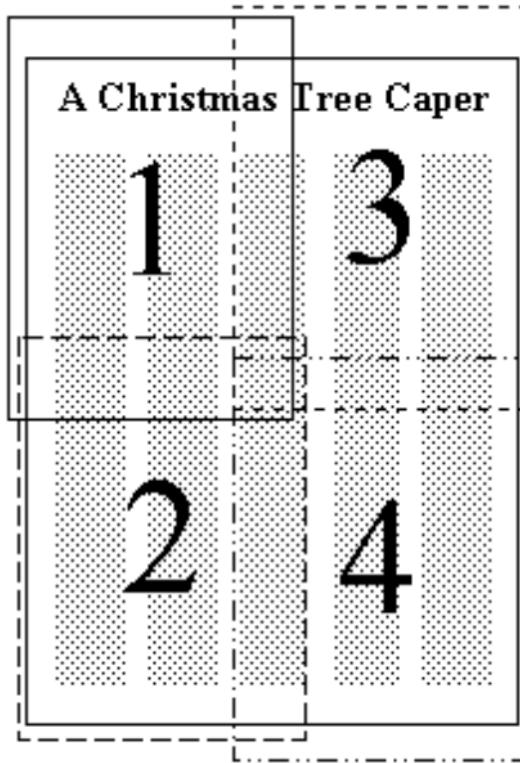


NOTE: This newspaper appearance was divided and enlarged to fill 8 ½" x 11" pages, roughly in the manner shown below.



TERRY

GLEAMING
PALELY
THROUGH
THE
STORM,
DISTANT
FLARES
HANG IN
THE GALE-
LASHED
SKY.



There Has to Be More

By JACK RITCHIE

(© 1962 by News Syndicate Co. Inc.)

DAVID REGAN held his daughter Jeanie until she was smiling again and then put her back in the playpen. He walked back to his easel. "All right, Miss Brule."

Irene Brule ground out a cigarette in the ashtray on the window sill and went back to the small platform. She sat down on the straight-back chair and patted her auburn hair. "This is the first time anyone's ever asked me to pose for my face alone. Not that there's anything wrong with my face, but that isn't my specialty."

Painting portraits was not David's specialty, either. His interest was landscapes and his pictures had the pleasant habit of appearing on the covers of nationally known magazines. He earned a good living—a quite good living, he admitted to himself—but still it hadn't been good enough for Clarice.

In her playpen, Jennie's mouth suddenly drooped to an inverted U and she made her presence known.

"Your kid's crying again," Irene said irritably.

HE TAKES BABY OUT OF PLAYPEN

David put down his palette. "I noticed that." He went to the playpen, kneeled down and smiled. "You just want to be held, don't

"She doesn't have to be beautiful."

Litton sighed. There was a silence while he evidently consulted a list. "Well . . . there's Miss Helen Martin. Blonde, five-foot two, blue. . . ."

"Fine," David said. He hung up, went into the kitchenette, and made himself a sandwich.

When he finished that and a glass of milk, he tip-toed to Jennie's bedroom and peeked in. She was asleep and breathing gently.

"I love you," he whispered gently.

David had been shocked when Clarice had blandly announced that he could have custody of Jennie. David had felt that the baby might be better off with her mother, but Clarice hadn't thought of it that way. She had simply wanted her freedom. No encumbrances.

He had first met Clarice in Vermont while he was doing a cover for a wildlife magazine.

She had come down the meadow from her father's farmhouse and watched him paint. Clarice was small and petite and had gray eyes. Yes, those eyes. He hadn't been able to understand what was

have a baby. It had been an impatient, surly waiting, and when Jennie had been born, she had shown no interest in her at all.

CLARICE BEGAN GIVING PARTIES

But she had begun to give those parties. David realized why now. First there had been only David's friends and he knew that she was not really interested in them. But a studio party is regarded by most people as an open house, and his friends had brought their friends, and eventually the people Clarice was looking for had come.

There had been Evans. Fortyish, single, and in shipping. Jackson had a cross-country fleet of trucks. Hadley, a chain of drugstores. All of them had more money than David could hope to earn.

Had there really been any affair? David doubted it. Clarice was not a woman for affairs. Yet she had finally been sure enough of her future to ask David for a divorce.

Where was Clarice now? David didn't know. She had never come back even to see Jennie.

Miss Helen Martin arrived at the studio at 2 in the afternoon.

David made certain that Jennie was happy in her playpen and

HE TAKES BABY OUT OF PLAYPEN

David put down his palette. "I noticed that." He went to the playpen, kneeled down and smiled. "You just want to be held, don't you?" He picked her up and over his shoulder Jennie grinned as the last tears rolled down her cheeks.

Irene got off the chair. "How do you ever get any work done?" She lit another cigarette, went back to the window, and gazed out over the rooftops.

David watched her for a moment and then carried Jennie to the easel. He studied the picture and then sighed. "I'm afraid you won't do, Miss Brûle. Your cheekbones are too high."

Irene touched her cheeks and immediately went to a mirror. "I don't see anything wrong with them."

"There's nothing wrong with them," David said quickly. "It's just that for my purposes, I can't use them."

Irene's eyes narrowed. "I get paid for the whole day, don't I?"

"Of course."

She was mollified. "It took you all morning to find out that my cheekbones were 'too high'?"

"I thought I could paint around them, so to speak."

When she was gone, David got Jennie ready for her nap. She accepted that fate reluctantly, but after she was settled, he closed the bedroom door and went to the phone.

He dialed the Litton Modeling Agency. "This is David Régan."

Litton's voice was dry. "Again?"

"Again," David said firmly.

"What was wrong with Miss Brûle?"

"Cheekbones too high."

"I'd like to see that painting of yours—if you ever finish it. You must be looking for the most beautiful woman in the world."

"Send up somebody else this afternoon," David said testily.



Vermont while he was doing a cover for a wildlife magazine.

She had come down the meadow from her father's farmhouse and watched him paint. Clarice was small and petite and had gray eyes. Yes, those eyes. He hadn't been able to understand what was in them at the time, but now he knew that they were eyes which totaled everything and decided what was best for Clarice.

SHE HAD ASKED HOW MUCH PICTURES COST

He remembered one of the first questions she had asked him. "How much do you get for those things?" She had used the word "things." He had told her and she had smiled to herself.

How long had it been before they had become engaged? Two weeks? Three? And the marriage hadn't been long after that.

They had gone to David's apartment-studio in New York. He had always regarded it merely as his headquarters—he traveled a great deal, mostly in the New England and Middle Atlantic states. But now he found that when he had to leave on an assignment, Clarice would not go with him.

She had found New York fascinating—and its shops. And the day had come when David had had to remind her mildly that commercial artists do have a limit to their incomes. There had been no scene. She had merely studied him dispassionately and her lips had formed an enigmatic smile.

Perhaps she had begun making plans to leave him at that moment, but then she had discovered that she was going to

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divorce.

Where was Clarice now? David didn't know. She had never come back even to see Jennie.

Miss Helen Martin arrived at the studio at 2 in the afternoon.

David made certain that Jennie was happy in her playpen and then adjusted his easel to catch the afternoon light. "You may talk, Miss Martin. I find that my models are more at ease when they can speak. I'll let you know when I'm doing the mouth."

She shrugged. "What's there to talk about?"

Nevertheless, she found something. She had been reared in an Iowa town and hated it. She had come to New York after graduating from a small college. Modeling was only temporary. She hoped to get into TV commercials. Nothing could stop her. She was dedicated and on a starvation diet to keep her figure. She had no time for men at the present time. "Except if somebody really important comes along." Eventually she mentioned that children made her nervous.

David frowned as he cleaned a brush. "Miss Martin, I'm afraid you won't do. Your eyes are just a little too close together."

After she left, David smiled down at Jennie. "We're having an awful time getting you a mother, aren't we?"

He glanced at his watch. It was almost 3 and he had an appointment with an art editor at 4. Mrs. Swenson, his regular baby sitter, should be here any minute now.

David decided to call Litton for another model tomorrow. "Regan,"

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Be More

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he said when the connection was made.

There was a silence and then
"What was it this time?"

"Eyes too close together." David heard a knock at the door. "Hold the line a second." He put the phone on its side and went to the door.

The girl was in her early 20s, with brown eyes and a quiet smile. "Mr. Regan?"

And when he nodded, she said, "Mrs. Swenson couldn't make it today. The bureau sent me instead. My name is Lora Corwin."

He stared at her. Of course, he thought. Baby sitters. Why didn't I think of that before. They've got to like babies.

She flushed slightly at his stare.

of human warmth and feeling. He was left with the strong and delightful impression that two hearts had briefly brushed together. You don't have to search, he thought with surprise. It just happens.

David spoke into the phone.
"Don't bother sending up anyone
else. I think I'll be going back to
landscaping." THE END

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While going to the hotel service elevator on our floor to deposit the contents of a trash basket into a big receptacle, I noticed that a strange guest had picked up an empty ginger ale bottle that the floor maid had left there. While returning to my suite, I remarked about the cheapness of the guest to the maid that I met in the hall. Later, a neighbor met me in the hall and said, "Oh, Mrs. B._____, I want you to meet my dear little mother - in - law." But the latter said caustically, "Dear nothing," this lady called me 'cheap' this morning." R. B. Manhattan.

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He stared at her. Of course, he thought. Baby sitters. Why didn't I think of that before? They've got to like babies.

She flushed slightly at his stare.

David stepped quickly aside. "Please come in."

She took off her coat and went to the playpen. Jennie gurgled with delight and in a moment they were the oldest of friends.

David experienced a sudden feeling of guilt as he watched her. It hadn't been that way with any of the others. He had simply—and cold-bloodedly—been looking for someone who would be a mother to Jennie.

David remembered the phone and picked it up.

Litton spoke. "This is a challenge. I've been going over our photographs. I think I've got somebody you can't possibly complain about."

David glanced at Miss Corwin. It isn't enough that she like . . . love . . . Jennie. There has to be more.

Their eyes met for a fraction of a second, then sprang apart with a twinge of shyness. But in that instant David had glimpsed unexpected depths—a spectrum

1 want you to meet my dear little mother-in-law." But the latter said evasively, "Dear nothing," this lady called me 'cheap' this morning." R. B. Manhattan.

I was only married a short time, when my husband phoned me that he was bringing a co-worker of his home for dinner. My husband also asked me to make potato pancakes with the pot roast, as he'd been telling this chap about what a great cook I was. However, when my guest bit into his first pancake, I couldn't help but notice his odd expression and that his praise was rather lukewarm. Upon tasting a pancake myself, I soon discovered why, for I'd forgotten to put salt in the batter. E. S. Queens.

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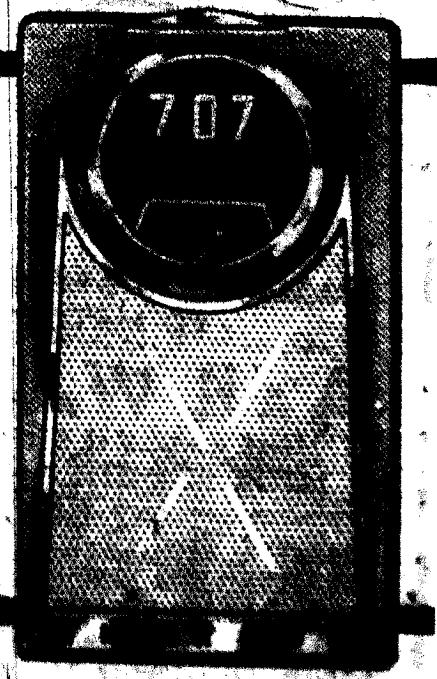
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